

THE QUEEN OF SNOWS

blooms are the humblest, for the
brown earth
is covered with turquoise and
mauve and
amber stars. The hawthorn and the
yellow
jessamine are scentless, while the
eglantine
perfume is subtle as a concealed
motive. This
flower always reminds me of a
woman who
once did the Mussoorie season, and
who called
herself by that fantastic name.
Eglantine
Warpe was the elderly wife of an
elderly officer
of high rank, who, though long
retired, re-
turned by her request for the
Mussoorie season,
because they could not find any
European city
sufficiently gay. Death, in robbing
Eglantine
at one fell stroke of all her children
by fever,
had left her as a ghastly exchange a
kind of
perpetual youth. Though long
crowned by
grey hair, she remained young in
mind for
ever, and as eager for gaiety as when
in her
spring-time. Her husband, who got
old like
other men, was the unfortunate
victim of this
strange state of affairs. Worn out by
age and
fatigue, he often fell asleep at a
banquet where
his wife was the bright particular

star.
died doing the Cairo season.

He